



Mr John Philips

Mr. G. Smith

THE
LIFE
AND
CHARACTER
OF
Mr. John Philips.

By Mr. SEWELL.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N.

Printed for E. CURLL, next the
Temple Coffee-house, in Fleet-Street,
MDCCXX.

W. Musgrave.



of
to
Ch
ral



THE
LIFE
OF
Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

AFTER we have read the Works of a Poet with Pleasure, and reflected upon them with Improvement, we are naturally apt to inquire into his Life, the Manner of his Education, and other little Circumstances which give a new Beauty to his Writings, and let us into the Genius and Character of their Author. To satisfy this general Inclination, and do some Justice to the Memory

A 2 of

of Mr. *Philips*, we shall give the World a short Account of him, and his few, but excellent Compositions. Sufficient they were, tho' few, to his Fame, but not to our Wishes.

He was the Son of Dr. *Stephen Philips*, Arch-Deacon of *Salop*, born at *Bampton* in *Oxfordshire*, December the 30th, Anno 1676. After he was well grounded in Grammar-Learning, he was sent to *Winchester-School*, where he made himself Master of the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, and was soon distinguished for a happy Imitation of the Excellencies, which he discovered in the best Classical Authors.

WITH this Foundation of good Learning, and very early Promises of a farther Improvement in all useful Studies, he was removed to *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*. From his first Entrance into that University, he was very much esteemed for the Simplicity of his Manners, the Agreeableness of his Conversation, and the uncommon Delicacy of his Genius. All his University Exercises were received with Applause; and in that Place, so famous for good Sense, and a true Spirit, he, in a short time, grew to be superiour to most of his Contemporaries; where, to have been their Equal only, had been

been a sufficient Praise. There it was, that following the natural Bent of his Genius, beside other valuable Authors, he became acquainted with Mr. *Milton*, whom he studied with Application, and traced him in all his successful Translations from the Ancients. There was not an Allusion in his *Paradise Lost*, drawn from the Thoughts, or Expressions of *Homer*, or *Virgil*, which he could not immediately refer to; and by that, He perceived what a peculiar Life, and Grace, their Sentiments added to *English* Poetry; how much their Images raised its Spirit; and what Weight and Beauty their Words, when Translated, gave to its Language. Nor was he less curious in observing the Force and Elegancy of his Mother-Tongue, but, by the Example of his Darling *Milton*, searched backwards into the Works of our Old *English* Poets, to furnish himself with proper, sounding, and significant Expressions, and prove the due Extent, and Compass of the *Language*. For this purpose, he carefully read over *Chaucer*, and *Spenser*; and, afterwards, in his Writings, did not scruple to revive any Words, or Phrases, which he thought deserved it; with that modest Liberty, which *Horace* allows of, either in the Coining of new, or Restoring of antient Expressions. Yet tho' he was a professed Admirer of these Authors, it was not

from any View of appearing in Publick ; for such was his Modesty, that he was the only Person who did not think himself qualified for it : He read for his own Pleasure ; and Writing was the only thing he declined, wherein he was capable of pleasing others. Nor was he so in Love with Poetry, as to neglect any other Parts of good Literature, which either their Usefulness, or his own Genius, excited him to pursue. He was very well versed in the whole Compass of Natural Philosophy ; and seemed, in his Studies, as well as his Writings, to have made *Virgil* his Pattern, and often to have broke out with him into the following rapturous Wish ;

Me verò primum dulces ante omnia Musa,

Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,

Accipiant ; cælique vias & sidera monstrent ;

Defectus Solis varios, Lunaque labores :

Undè tremor terris ; quâ vi maria alta tumescant

Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant :

Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere Soles

Hyberni ; vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.

Georg. lib. II.

Givv

*Give me the Ways of wandring Stars to know,
The Depths of Heaven above, and Earth below.
Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.
Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
And in what dark Recess they shrink again.
What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays,
The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.*

Dryden.

MR. *Philips* was no less passionate an Admirer of Nature; and, it is probable, that he drew his own Character, in that Description which he gives of a Philosophical and Retired Life, at the latter End of the first Book of his *C R D E R*.

-----*He to his Labours hies,
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Fossils and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Displays*

Displays, if by his Industry he can

Benefit Human Race. -----

AND we have good Reason to believe, that much might have been attained to, many new Discoveries made, by so diligent an Enquirer, and so faithful a Recorder of Physical Operations. However, tho' Death prevented our Hopes in that respect, yet the admirable Passages of that Kind, which we find in his Poem on *CYDER*, may convince us of the Niceness of his Observations in Natural Causes: Beside this, he was particularly skilled in all manner of Antiquities, especially those of his own Country; and Part of this too, he has, with much Art and Beauty, intermixed with his *Poetry*.

As to his private Character, he was beloved by all that knew him, and admired by those who did not; somewhat reserved, and silent among Strangers, but free, familiar, and easy with his Friends: The first was, the Effect of his Modesty; the latter, of his chearful Innocence: The one was, the proper Caution of a Wise Man; the other, the good Humour of a Friend. He was averse to contentious Disputes; and thought no Time so ill spent, and no Wit so ill used, as that which was employed in such Debates. Thus he never contributed to the

Uneasi-

Uneasiness of his Company, but often to their Instruction, always to their Pleasure. As on the one hand, he declined all Strokes of *Satire*; so, on the other, he detested Flattery as much; and, I believe, would rather have been contented with the Character of a dull Man, than that of a witty, or servile one, at the Expence of his Humanity, or Sincerity. This Sincerity, indeed, was his distinguishing Character; and made him as dear to all good Men, as his Wit and Learning did to all Favourers of true Sense, and Letters.

UPON all these Accounts, during his Stay in the University, he was honoured with the Acquaintance of the best and politest Men in it; many of whom, who now make considerable Figures, both in the State, and in the Republick of Learning, would think it no Disgrace to have their Names mentioned, as Mr. *Philips's* Friends. And here we must not omit that particular Friendship which he contracted with Mr. *Edmund Smith*, Author of the incomparable Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*; and who, upon his Decease, celebrated his Memory in a fine Poem; and soon after, followed him to the Grave. These Two often communicated their Thoughts to each other; and as their Studies lay the same Way, much to their mutual Satisfaction, and

and Improvement. For, as the Mind takes no greater Pleasure than in a free and unreserved Discovery of its own Notions, so it can reap no greater Profit than in the Correction it meets with from the Judgment of a sincere Friend. This, we make no doubt, was as pleasant as any part of Mr. *Phillips's* Life, who had a Soul capable of relishing all the finest Enjoyments of sublime, vertuous, and elegant Spirits. I am sure, Mr. *Smith*, in his Poem to his Memory, speaks of it as what most affected him, and pathetically complains for the Loss of it.

*Whom shall I find unbias'd in Dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the Labours of my Soul disclose,
Reveal my Pleasure, or discharge my Woes?
Oh! in that Heav'nly Youth for ever ends
The best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.*

It is to be deplored, indeed, that Two great Geniuses, in whose Power it was to have obliged the World so much, should make so short a Stay in it; tho' had their Date been longer, we can hardly say, that Time would have added any thing but Number to their Compositions. It was their
Happiness

Happiness to give us all their Pieces perfect in their Kind; the Accuracy of their Judgment not suffering them to publish without the greatest Care and Correctness. For hasty Fruits, the common Product of every injudicious Fancy, seldom continue long, never come to Maturity, and are at best Food only for debauched and vitiated Palates. These Men thought, and considered before they sat down to write; and after they had written too, being ever the last Persons who were satisfied that they had performed well; and even then, perhaps, more in Compliment to the Opinion of others, than from the Conviction of their own Judgments.

BUT it is now time that we lead our Author from his University Friend to some of a higher Rank, among whom he met with an equal Applause and Admiration. The Reason of his coming to Town, was the Persuasion of some Great Persons, who engaged him to write upon the Battle of *BLEINHEIM*; and, how well their Expectations were answered, it will be more proper to mention when we speak of his Works. 'Tis enough at present to observe, that this POEM brought him into Favour and Esteem with * Two of the most eminent En-

* *Earl of Oxford. And Viscount Bolingbroke.*

couragers

couragers and Patrons of Letters that have appeared in our Age: The one, famous for his Political Knowledge and Universal Learning; the other, distinguished for the different Talents of a refined and polite Genius, and an indefatigable Application to Business, joined with an exquisite and successful Penetration in Affairs of the highest Concern.

HOWEVER, tho' he was much respected by these, and other noble Patrons, yet from the modest Distrust he entertained of himself, it was not without some Pain that he enjoyed their Company; and the Fear of offending, oftentimes made him less studious of Pleasing. Such was the humble Opinion that he conceived of his own good Qualities, that it made them less conspicuous to others; as if he was ashamed that his Vertues were greater; he chose rather to obscure those which he really had, than to place them in that ornamental Light which they deserved. I speak this only with respect to his Conversation with his Superiors, who, knowing his true Worth, were more pleased with his Endeavours to disguise it, than if he had set it off with all the ostentatious Gaiety that Men of much Wit, but little Humility, and good Breeding, generally affect. As this decent Silence did not prejudice the Great against his Wit, so neither did his unsolici-

tous

tous Easiness in his Fortune at all hinder the Marks of their Favour and Munificence. True it is, that he never prais'd any one with a sordid View, nor ever sacrificed his Sincerity to his Interest, having a Soul above ennobling the Vicious ; and as he gave his Characters with the Spirit of a *Poet*, he observed at the same time the Fidelity of an *Historian*. This, indeed, was a Part which distinguished him as much from almost all other Poets, as his Manner of Writing did ; he being one of those few who were equally averse to Flattery and Detraction. He never went out of his Way for a Panegyrick, or forced his Invention to be subservient to his Gratitude ; but interwove his Characters so well with the Thread of his Poetry, and adapted them so justly to the Merit of the Persons, that they all appear Natural, Beautiful, and of a Piece with the *Poem*. If it be reckoned difficult to praise well ; for our Author not to err, in such a Variety, is much more so, and looks like the masterly Hand of a great Painter, who can draw all sorts of Beauties, and at the same time that he gives them their proper Charms, happily distinguishes them from each other. In short, to pursue the Metaphor, there is nothing gaudy in his Colours, nothing stiff or affected in his Manner ; and all the Linea-

B

ments

ments are so exact, that an indifferent Eye may, at first View, discover who sat for the Picture.

FROM this general View of his Writings, I shall now pass on to particular ; of which it is to be wished, there were a larger, as well as a better, than the following Account. I have heard a Story of an eminent Preacher, who, out of an obstinate Modesty, could never be prevailed upon to print but one Sermon, (the best, perhaps, that ever passed the Press) to which the Publick gave the Title of Dr. GRADOCK's WORKS. The same, with much Justice, may be given to the Poetical Compositions which our excellent *Author* has published, and which may challenge that Name more deservedly, than all the mighty Volumes of profuse and negligent Writers.

THE first of these, was the *Splendid Shilling* ; a Title as new and uncommon for a *Poem*, as his Way of adorning it was, and which, in the Opinion of one of the best and most unprejudic'd Judges of this Age, is the *finest Burlesque Poem in the British Language* ; * nor was it only the

* See the Tatler, Numb. 250.

finest of that kind in our Tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made use of by any Author of our own, or other Nations; the Sentiments and Style being in this both new; whereas in those, the Jest lies more in Allusions to the Thoughts and Fables of the Ancients, than in the Pomp of the Expression. The same Humour is continued thro' the whole, and not unnaturally diversified, as most Poems of that Nature have been before. Out of that Variety of Circumstances, which his fruitful Invention must suggest to him on such a Subject, he has not chosen any but what are diverting to every Reader, and some, that none but his inimitable Dress could have made diverting to any. When we read it, we are betrayed into a Pleasure that we could not expect; tho', at the same time, the Sublimity of the Style, and Gravity of the Phrase, seem to chastise that Laughter which they provoke.

In her best Light the comick Muse appears,

When she, with borrow'd Pride, the Buskin wears.*

* See Mr. Smith's Poem, before mentioned.

THIS was the first Piece that made him known to the World ; and, tho' printed from an incorrect Copy, gained him an universal Applause ; and (as every thing new in its Kind does) set many Imitators to work ; yet none ever came up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. A genuine Edition of it came out some Years after ; for he was not so solicitous for Praise, as to hasten even that, which by the Earnest he received from the Publick, he might modestly assure himself would be a Procurer of it.

THE next of his Poems was that, entituled *PLEINHEIM* ; wherein he shews, that he could use the same sublime and nervous Style as properly on a serious and heroick Subject, as he had before done on one of a more light and ludicrous Nature. We have said before, at whose Request this was wrote ; tho' he would willingly have declined that Undertaking, had not the powerful Incitements of his Friends prevailed upon him, to give up his Modesty to their Judgment. The *Exordium* of this Piece, is a just Allusion to the Beginning of the *Aeneid*, (if that be *VIRGIL's*) and that of *SPENSER's Fairy Queen*.

From

*From low and abject Themes the growling Muse
Now mounts Aërial, to sing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of Britain's Hero ; -----*

THE Spirit is kept on the same to the End ; the Whole being full of Noble Sentiments, and Majestick Numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extolls ; and not admitting of any Rival, (except Mr. Addison's Campaign) on the same Occasion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful Imitation of *VIRGIL*, in his Digression upon the Poetical *Elizium*, where the famous -----
Tu Mercellus eris ----- is so happily translated and applied, that it shews the Spirit of *VIRGIL* better than all the Labours of his Commentators : There, speaking of the late Marquis of *BLANDFORD*, he says ;

*Had thy presiding Star propitious shewn,
Shouldst CHURCHILL be ! -----*

THE Addresses to his Patrons are very fine and artificial; the first, just and proper; and the latter of *English* MEMMIUS, exactly apposite to him, to whom all the Polite Part of Mankind agree, in applying that of the *Roman*;

----- *Quem Tu Dea tempore in omni*

Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

As to his *CYDER*, it is one (if not the only) finish'd Poem, of that Length, extant in our Language; the Foundation of that Work was laid, and the first Book compos'd at *Oxford*; the second, for the most part, in Town. He was determin'd to the Choice of that Subject, by the violent Passion he had, to do some Honour to his Native Country; and has therefore exerted all the Powers of Genius and Art to make it complete. It is founded upon the Model of *VIRGIL's Georgicks*; and comes the nearest of any other, to that admirable Poem, which the Criticks prefer to the Divine *Aeneid*. Yet, tho' it is easy to discern who was his Guide in that difficult Way, we may observe, that he comes after rather like a Pursuer, than a Follower, not tracing him Step after

after Step, but choosing those Paths in which he might easiest overtake him. All his Imitations are far from being servile, tho' sometimes very close; at other times, he brings in a new Variety, and entertains us with Scenes more unexpected and pleasing, perhaps, than his Masters themselves were to those who first saw that Work. The Conduct and Management are superiour to all other Copyers of that Original; and, even the admired *RAPIN* is much below him, both in Design and Success; for the *Frenchman* either fills his *Gardens* with the idle Fables of Antiquity, or new Transformations of his own; and has, in Contradiction to his own Rules of Criticism, injudiciously blended the serious and sublime Style of *VIRGIL*, with the elegant Turns of *OVID* in his *Metamorphosis*. Nor has the great Genius of Mr. *COWLEY* succeeded better in his Books of *Plants*, who, besides the same Faults with the former, is continually varying his Numbers from one sort of Verse to another, and alluding to remote Hints of Medicinal Writers, which, tho' allow'd to be useful, are yet so numerous, that they flatten the Dignity of the Verse, and sink it from a *Poem* to a Treatise of *Physick*. It is not out of Envy to the Merit of these great Men

Men (and who will ever be such in spite of Envy) that we take Notice of these Mistakes, but only to shew the Judgment of him who followed them, in avoiding to commit the same. Whatever Scenes he presents us with, appear delicate and charming; the Philosophical Touches surprize, the Moral instruct, and the Gay Descriptions transport the Reader. Sometimes he opens the Bowels of the Earth; at others, he paints its Surface; sometimes he dwells upon its lower Products, and Fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more stately Plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent Pleasures of its Inhabitants. Here we are taught the Nature and Variety of Soils, there the Difference of Vegetables, the Sports of a Rural, the Retirement of a Contemplative Life, the working Genius of the Husbandman, the Industry of the Mechanick, contribute as much to diversify, as the due Praises of exalted Patriots, Heroes, and Statesmen, to raise and ennoble the Poetry. The Change of Seasons, and their Distinctions, introduced by the Rising and Setting of the Stars, the Effects of Heat, Cold, Showers, and Tempests, are in their several Places very ornamental, and their Descriptions inferiour only to those of *VIRGIL*.

It would be difficult, as well as useless, to give particular Instances of his Imitations of the last mentioned *Poet*: Men of Taste and Learning will themselves observe them with Pleasure; and it would be to no purpose to quote them to the Illiterate: To the one, it would be a sort of an Affront; to the other, but an insipid Entertainment. *MILTON*, we are informed, could repeat the best Part of *HOMER*; and the Person of whom we write, could do the same of *VIRGIL*, and by continually reading him, fortunately equalled the Variety of his Numbers. This alone ought to be a sufficient Answer to those who wish this *Poem* had been wrote in *Rhyme*, since then it must have lost half its Beauties; it being impossible, but that the same undistinguishable Tenour of Versification, and Returns of Close, should make it very unharmonious to a judicious and musical Ear. The best Judges of our Nation have given their Opinions against *Rhyme*, even they who used it with the greatest Admiration and Success, could not forbear condemning the Practice. I am not ignorant, to what a Height some modern Writers have carried this Art, and adapted it to express the most sublime *Ideas*; yet this has been in much shorter Poems.

Poems than the present ; and I doubt not, but the same Persons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like Occasion. I shall not so far enter into the Dispute concerning the Preference of these different Manners of Writing, as to state and answer the Objections on each side. It is true, Mr. *DRYDEN* thought that *MILTON*'s Choice of Blank Verse proceeded from his Inability to *Rhyme* well ; and, as good a Reason might easily be given for his own Choice ; it being certain, he had the perfect Art and Mystery of one, and could have been but second in the other.

HOWEVER, we leave this Question to be decided by those, whose Studies and Designs to excel in Poetry, may oblige them to a more exact Enquiry: For my part, I think it no more a Disreputation to Mr. *PHILIPS*, that he did not write in *Rhyme*, than it is to *VIRGIL*, that he has not composed *Odes* or *Elegies*. The Bent of our Genius is what we ought to pursue ; and if we answer our Designs in that, it is sufficient. The Criticks would make a Man laugh, to hear them gravely disputing from little Hints of those Authors, whether *VIRGIL* could not have writ bitter *Satyr*s, or *HORACE* a good *Epick* Poem.

BUT

BUT to return from this Digression to my Design, I would not have it thought that I presume to make a Criticism upon the Works of our Author, or those of others. These are only the Sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are received, if they have the good Fortune not to prejudice his Memory, for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one Remark more upon this Subject, which is the great Difficulty of making our *English* Names of Plants, Soils, Animals, and Instruments, shine in Verse: There are hardly any of those, which, in the *Latin* Tongue, are not in themselves beautiful and expressive; and very few in our own, which do not rather debase than exalt the Style. And yet, I know not by what Art of the Poet, these Words, tho' in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the Dignity of his Style, but become their Places as well as those of a better and more harmonious Sound.

I CANNOT leave the *CYDER*, without taking Notice, that the two Books are addressed to two Gentlemen, of whom it is enough to say, that they were Mr. *PHILIP*'s Friends and Favourers,
and

and whose Characters, without the Help of a weaker Hand, will be transmitted to Posterity. Nor must we omit that signal Honour which this Piece received after his Decease, in being translated into *Italian* by a Nobleman of *Florence*, an Honour which the great * *BOILEAU* was proud his *Art of Poetry* obtained, in a Language of much less Delicacy and Politeness. It may be some Pleasure to observe the Turn which † *Mr. SMITH* gives this Passage, in the following Verses :

*See mighty COSMO's Counsellor and Friend,
By Turns on COSMO, and the Bard attend;
Rich in the Coins and Busts of antient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler Treasure home ;
In them he views her Gods, and Domes design'd,
In him the Soul of Rome, and VIRGIL'S
mighty Mind :*

* *Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was translated into Portuguese by the Count de Ericeyra.*

† *See Mr. Smith's Poem.*

*To him for Ease retires from Toils of State,
Not half so proud to Govern, as Translate.*

ALL that we have left more of this Poet, is a *Latin ODE*, inscrib'd to the Honourable *HENRY St. JOHN*, Esq; (now Lord *BOLINGBROKE*) which is certainly a Master-piece : The Style is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, resembling the sublime Spirit, and gay, facetious Humour of *HORACE*. From this we may form a Judgment, that his Writings in that Language were not inferior to those he has left us in our Own ; and as *HORACE* was one of his darling Authors, we need not question his Ability to excel in his Way, as well as that of the admired *VIRGIL*.

By all the Enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I very solicitous about them, being convinced that these are all which he finished, and it would be an Injury to his Althes to print any imperfect Sketches which he never designed for the Publick. It might, perhaps, please some to see the first Essays of a great Genius, but considering

C

how

how apt we are to impose upon ourselves and others in Matters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the Reputation of the Writer for the Fancy of the Reader. It is a silly Vanity that some Men have delighted in, of informing the World how Young they were when they composed some particular Pieces; if they are not good, it is no matter at what Age they were wrote; and if they are, it is a great Chance if they proceed, if they do not write beneath themselves.

WE have almost as little to say in respect of our Author's farther Designs, only that we are assured by his Friends, that he intended to write a *Poem* upon the *Resurrection*, and the *Day of Judgment*, in which, it is probable, he would not only have exceeded all other, but even his own Performances. That Subject, indeed, was only proper to be treated of in that solemn Style which he makes use of and by one whose just Notions of Religion, and true Spirit of Poetry, could have carried his Reader without a wild Enthusiasm:

----- *Extra flammantia Menia Mundi.* Lucret.

MILTON

MILTON has given a few fine Touches upon the same; but still there remains an inexhaustible Store of Materials to be drawn from the *Prophets*, the *Psalms*, and the other *Inspired Writers*, which in his Poetical Dress, might, without the false Boasting of Old Poets, have endured to the Day that it described. The meanest Soul, and the lowest Imagination, cannot think of that Time, and the Descriptions we meet with of it in *Holy Writ*, without the greatest Emotion, and the deepest Impression. What then might we not expect from the believing Heart of a good Man, and the regulated Flights and Raptures of an excellent Christian Poet? His Friend, Mr. *Smith*, seems to be of the same Opinion; and as he was a better Judge of the Scheme which he had laid down, and probably had seen the first Rudiments of his Design, we shall finish this Head with his Verses on that Occasion:

*Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
The tow'ring Bard had Sung in nobler Lays,
How the last Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant spread;*

*How opening Heav'ns their happy Regions show,
 And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance
 glow,
 And Saints rejoice Above, and Sinners howl Below.
 Well might he Sing the Day he could not fear,
 And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.*

THOSE who have had either any Knowledge of his Person, or Relish of his Compositions, will easily agree in the Judgment here given, as the generality of Men of Sense and Learning, have already done in respect of those which he lived to publish. For my part, I never heard but of * One who took it in his Head to censure his Writings; and it is no great Compliment to his Judgment, that He has the Honour to stand alone in that Reflexion. It were easy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blast the Fruits of his *latter Spring*, † by comparing them with the Crudities of his first. That *Satire* upon our Author has, with its other Brethren, been Dead long since; and, I believe, the World would have quite forgot that

* Sir Richard Blackmore. † *Creation, a Poem.*

ever it had any Being, had not Mr. SMITH taken care to inform us of it in a * Work of a more durable Nature.

HOWEVER, tho' there is this one unjust Exception to his *Writings*, there is none to his *Life*, which was distinguished by a natural Goodness, a well grounded and unaffected Piety, an universal Charity, and a steady Adherence to his Principles. No one observed the natural and civil Duties of Life with a stricter Regard, whether those of a Son, a Friend, or a Member of a Society; and he had the Happiness to fill every one of these Parts without even the Suspicion either of Undutifulness, Insincerity, or Disrespect. Thus he continued to the last, not owing his Vertues to the Happiness of his Constitution, but the Frame of his Mind; insomuch that during a long and lingering Sickness, which is apt to ruffle the smoothest Temper, he never betrayed any Discontent or Uneasiness, the Integrity of his Heart still preserving the Cheerfulness of his Spirits. And if his Friends had measured their Hopes of his Life only by his

* His Poem to the Memory of Mr. Philips.

Unconcernedness in his Sickness, they could not but conclude, that either his Date would be much longer, or that he was at all Times prepared for Death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering *Consumption*, attended with an *Asthma*; and the Summer before he died, by the Advice of his Physicians, removed to the *Bath*, where, altho' he had the Assistance of the ablest of the Faculty, (by whom he was generally beloved) he only got some present Ease; and went from thence, but with small Hopes of a Recovery; and, upon the Return of his Distempers, he died at *Hereford* the 15th, of *February* ensuing, *Ann.* 1708.

He was interred in the Cathedral Church of *Hereford*; and the following Inscription is upon his Grave-stone.



JOHANNES

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.
Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

Offa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,

Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,

Si Tumulum desideras, Templum ad Westmonaste-

Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit, (riente,

Dicat elegans illa & præclara ;

Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decorat

Inscriptio.

Quàm interim erga Cognatus pius & officiosus,

Testetur hoc saxum

A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipsius pientissimâ,

Dilecti Filii Memoria non sine Lacrymis dicatum.

THE

THE Monument referred to at *Westminster*, in this Inscription, stands between those of *CHAUCER* and *DRAYTON*, and was erected to his Memory by Sir *SIMON HARCOURT*, late Lord Chancellor ; an Honour so much the greater, as proceeding from One, who knows as well to distinguish Men, as excel them, and deals out the Marks of his Respect as impartially as the Awards of his Justice. The Epitaph was writ by Dr. *FREIND*, in a Spirit and Style peculiar to his Compositions.

*Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui Viris bonis doctisq; juxta charus,
Immortale suum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi Candore,*

Eximus

Eximiam morum simplicitate,

Honestavit.

Litterarum Amaniorum filium,

Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire coeperat,

Inter Aedis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,

In illo Musarum Domicilio

Præclaris Annulorum studiis excitatus,

Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,

Carmina sermone Patrio composuit

A Græcis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,

Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,

Versuum quippe Harmoniam

Rythmo didicerat.

Antiquo illo, libero, Multiforui

Ad res ipsas apto profus, & attemperato,

Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus

— Non

*Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono
Metiri:*

*Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,
Primoq; pare Par.*

*Res seu Tenuēs, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
Ornandas sumferat,*

Nusquam, non quod decuit,

Et videt, & affecutus est,

Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,

Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.

Fas sit Huic,

Auso licet à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere

O Poësis Anglicana Pater, atque Conditor Chaucere

Alterum tibi latus claudere,

Valium certe Cineres, tuos undique stipantium

Non dedecebit Glorum.

SIMON

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

35

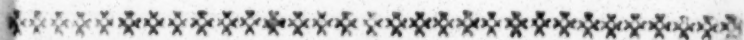
SIMON HARCOURT Miles,

Viri benè de se, deque Literis meritè

Quoad viveret, Fautor,

Post Obitum piè memor,

Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

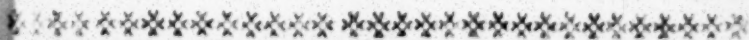


J. PHILIPS STEPHANI, S. T. P. Archidiaconi

Salop, Filius natus est Bamptonia

in Agro Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.

Obiit Herefordia. Febr. 15. 1708.



THUS

36 *The LIFE of Mr. PHILIPS.*

THUS much we thought proper to speak of the *Life* and *Character* of Mr. *PHILIPS*; following Truth in every Part, and endeavouring to make both Him, and his Writings, an Example to others; or, if that cannot be attained through our own Defect, at least to shew, that a *Good Poet* and a *Good Man* are not Names always inconsistent.



6.

of the
S; fol-
ring to
xample
nrough
Good
ys in